

FOR WANT OF BREATH.

BY GEORGE HORTON.

A poor city babe lay dying one day
On a soggy and dirty cot,
Lay quietly gasping his life away
In a basement squalid and hot.
O God! for a sniff of cool, sweet air—
Just one for the child and its mother;
For the heart that bleeds so helplessly there,
And the babe that must lie there and
smother!

The farmer's boy is a cheerful sight
As he sits on the floor in the sun;
How he doubles his fists in mimic fight,
How lusty his grief and fun!
Oh! Fall of life all day is the breeze
From the fields of the farmer coming.
For it daffled awhile mid leafy trees,
And a while where bees were humming.

The fisherman's boy is at play on the sand—
How sturdy and plump he grows!
There is strength in the grip of his chubby
hand,
And his lips are red as a rose.
Oh! sweet are the breezes born at sea
And cradled in white foam flowers—
Sweetly cool, when waves are like grass on the
lea,
Cool and keen when a tempest lowers.

The babe in the tenement house is dead,
With none but its mother to weep;
Then lay it to rest in that narrow bed
Where the sleepers breathe not in their
sleep.
Oh! Breezes that wander at will away,
If ashore or where sea-sand is flying,
There are thousands of poor city babes to-day
That are smothering, fainting, dying.
—Chicago Herald.

INDIAN REVENGE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"O, I do detest our Indians!"
So said a musical little voice, as Miss
Margery Tracy looked over a book of
beautiful engravings.
"So what?" exclaimed a silvery
headed old man who sat in an easy chair
by the winter's fire.

"Detest our Indians, dear grandpa; they
look so noble in their richly colored
robes, their furs and their feathers."

"Noble! the blood-thirsty rebels!" said
the old man, holding out one arm as he
spoke and striking it with the other,
"that and this and every part of my
body, in fact, is scared by those infer-
nal dogs. Why, look here, child," and
he drew his white locks from his ample
forehead, "see the marks of their scalp-
ing knives; they left me for dead once,
and came near having these hairs hang-
ing to their girdles."

"Why, grandpa?" exclaimed Margery,
drawing up to the old man, "is it possi-
ble that great white mark was made by
an Indian brave?"

"An Indian coward?" cried the vet-
ern contemptuously. "Talk about their
bravery, the stubborn, inborn devils,
they don't know what it means. The
courage of a beast is all they have. My
patience, girl, if you had seen as much
of the Indians as I have, you'd never
take these creature's of a painter's im-
agination to be the simon-pure savage.
No, no, there's a difference. My child,
I'll tell you a story that will cure you
of doting on Indians. When I was a
young man I had many a bout with the
'children of the forest,' as your poets
call them. Now there was never any
poetry in your old grandfather, Mag-
gie, little one. I never could see
anything beautiful in their hideous,
painted faces, and, to tell the truth,
they killed my only brother, and I
hated the whole race.

"We had a long spell of peace, and
had become tired of our cabins upon
Boone's station. It was too easy a life
for young fellows, simply gunning,
fishing, sleeping and eating. We
weren't like the most lawless gentry of
the present day—even like the one who
came to see you last night, little child,
though he is a better specimen than
some. We couldn't dress up in those
days and take little bits of paper in
our hands and go call upon the pretty
ladies and show off our teeth and our
broadcloth the best part of the day. We
were rough men in our hunting frocks,
who thought a good-sized deer none to
heave to throw over our shoulders after
we had run him down, and to whom
other deers were as fabulous as myths.

"But, as I tell you, we—there were
four of us—had become tired of ill-
ness, and wanted another bout with
the Indians. So, knowing that a party
had stolen some horses, and that they
had taken their way to Chillicothe, we
set out after them to try and regain the
booty they had taken. We reached
Chillicothe a few days afterward, and
fell in with a drove of horses feeding in
the prairie. Of these we secured six.
I started on our return. Before we
reached the Ohio a storm came up.
The heavens grew black with clouds
and the wind blew a perfect hurricane.
What to do with the horses we could
hardly tell. They had become unman-
ageable and were difficult to control.
The river was so swollen its waves
lashed into fury that we dared not
venture to cross, and we were fearful of
being pursued. It was morning evening,
and we could just find our way back to
the hills, where, after holding our
horses, we remained during the night.
It was an awful night. The rain

poured in torrents, the lightning blazed
from point to point, and the thunder
seemed to crash and break against the
sides of the hills. We were all exposed
to the fury of the tempest. In the
morning our clothes were wet and we
had only saved our powder by sleeping
on it. The wind, however had sub-
sided, and we tried again to get our
horses over to the other side—the crea-
tures resisted every attempt, and we were
driven to the alternative of losing the
horses. Of course we chose the latter,
and selecting each of us one of the best,
we made for the falls.

"There was a handsome young fellow
with us, a Kentuckian by birth, who
thought we had scarcely had adventure
enough, so he proposed to me to let the
rest go on, while he and I captured
two splendid boys. We turned back
accordingly, and came the first thing on
a trail of revengeful Indians, who had
undoubtedly been seeking us from the
first. My dear child, if you had seen
them as they really were, their faces
streaked with black and yellow, their
untanned blankets, rough leggings, and
demoniac faces, you never would have
doted upon them. Willis, the Kentuck-
ian, was some ways ahead of me, and
by some unsuccessful maneuver fell im-
mediately into their hands. It was a
dreadful sight to see them each drive
with his heavy club at the head of the
poor fellow. He fell instantly, and
they scalped him, throwing the fresh,
bleeding skin over their weapons and
waving it in my sight.

"I was on a splendid horse. They,
too, were mounted and had fleet animals,
so they pursued me at the top of their
speed. For a time I escaped, only to
fall into their barbarous hands, how-
ever. Deceived by a voice I thought fa-
miliar, and the pronunciation of a word
in English, I followed a trail, and lured
on by the supposition that I was on the
track of friends from whom we had
been separated, and who might have
come back to the rescue. I went cau-
tiously forward, but suddenly found my-
self among a party of Indians, who were
so engaged that I suppose, if I had had
presence of mind, I might have escaped,
for I think they did not see me.

"However, thinking the boldest
course the best, I immediately fired at
the foremost, and in another moment
they were after me like a pack of
hounds. I took advantage of some
fallen timber, I tried to dodge them,
and to hide among the underbrush, but
their cunning defeated my purposes.
They divided into two parties, and rode
along on either side of the timber, beat-
ing it up, driving me out at the oppo-
site end, where stood an enormous sav-
age with a lifted tomahawk. Just as
he was about to strike me to the earth,
however, another Indian equally pow-
erful lifted me as if I had been a
feather, out of the way of the descend-
ing tomahawk. I was a prisoner, and
obliged to make the best of it. You
may imagine what that best was."

"O, grandfather!" cried Margery,
"how did you feel?"
"How did I feel? Fush, how could
you feel with ten jabbering savages
about you, each one looking as if he
could eat you without pepper or salt?"
"It must have been a trying mo-
ment," said Margery.

"Not half as trying as what followed,"
replied the old man, shaking his white
locks. "They muttered their outlan-
dish gibberish in my face, making up
hideous mouths, expressive of their in-
tense disgust of me and my race. They
shook the scalp of poor Willis before
my very eyes, and I don't doubt wanted
to serve mine in the same way. Then
leaving me helplessly tied, they went
out to catch the horses. The difficulty
with which this feat was accomplished
made them wilder than ever. In their
rage against me, I saw them deliber-
ate and knew by their gestures,
they were reserving me for some fear-
ful doom. At last a tall Indian went
without the circle, and succeeded in
leading in one of the horses, a fiery,
vicious animal that had given me great
trouble, and who, in his looks and
movements, seemed almost demoniac.
Close to me they led him, I felt his hot
breath against my face, and more than
once his hoof seemed about to crush my
foot to atoms. I thought that in some
way they intended my death by that
monstrous gray horse, and so they did,
but I had not calculated for the extreme
cruelty of which they are capable.
What was my horror when I found that
they were going to bind me to the animal,
torture him and see him free."

"O, grandfather!" said Margery, listening
nervously with intense interest.

"A distinction for which I paid
dearly," said the old man, folding his
arms and gazing into the fire.

"Then they lifted me upon the horse,
as all the while muttering, backing,
snorting, and snorting me with my face
toward the tail, they led my foot under
him. This made them great trouble,

for the horse was almost unmanage-
able, but for every annoyance
he gave them they paid me in blows,
or slight wounds with their knives.
They then drew a rope about my arms,
drawing and lashing me back on the
animal, another round my neck, tying
that to the neck of the horse, from
whence it was carried to his tail, mak-
ing it use the purpose of a crupper. In
this way they secured me to the frantic
beast, and all the while the demons in-
carnate danced yelling and screaming
about me, testifying their infernal del-
ight in the anticipated sufferings that
was to overtake me, and, with
shouts that sounded like thunder,
turned him loose. The poor animal
and the poor wretch upon him were
dashed into the thickest of the woods.
The horse, feeling his unusual burden,
and frantic to get rid of it, took his way
among the tangled undergrowth, bruising
me at every step, throwing me
against projecting branches, rearing,
plunging, uttering the wildest cries of
terror. I longed and prayed for death,
I raved and sent up cries of anguish
with his. Sometimes I laid insensible
and then a dreadful blow would bring
me to agonizing consciousness. I knew
that death would come at last, but O,
the awful uncertainty, the suffering
that permeated every bone, nerve,
sinew, I can describe nothing like it.
It is too dreadful to recall, too frightful
to portray."

The old man shuddered as he held
his hand before his eyes as if to shut
a fearful spectacle. The young girl
shuddered too, and tenderly took his
free hand in her own.

"Well, the horse became at last ex-
hausted. What prevented him from
rolling over and crushing me, Heaven
only knows. One morning, the next
but one after my capture, the animal
emerged into a broad prairie. I was
dying with hunger, sore in every inch
of my body, longing only that death
might put an end to my sufferings. I
was only partly conscious, just alive
and that was all. I seemed to know
that my breath was almost gone, and
wished to make no effort to retain it.
Then there came a long silence—a great
blank—and how many hours after I do
not know, but I found myself lying on a
made bed in a log hut, and an angel-
faced girl bending over me.

"He has opened his eyes, mother,"
were the first words I heard, and then
all was blank again. It seems the sa-
gacity of the horse had led him to the
first house after he had become thor-
oughly subdued. It proved to be the
habitation of an American family.
They treated me with the greatest care,
the tenderest consideration. It was
months before I was well and com-
pletely cured of a longing to encounter
the Indians. I preferred after that a
home of my own, and the blooming
Margaret for my wife, who had taken
such care of me."

"So dearest grandmother, was that
Margaret?" said Margery.
"No, darling," and the voice took a
tender tone, "my first Margaret sleeps
in the grave made out in the wild
prairies. She only lived a year."

AFRAID OF HIM.

A tall, raw-boned woman, says *Time*,
with short hair parted at the side
and wearing a man's hat, rushed into
the office of a Kansas city justice of
the peace and wildly cried out:

"Here, judge, I want divorce writs
drawn up right away! I ain't a-goin' to
live with Sim Higgins another blessed
day, an' have my life in jeopardy by him.
He's made his threats time an' again,
an' to-day he hit me an' I'm skeered o'
my life."

"Of course you didn't hit back," said
the judge.
"Aw, well, of course I defended my-
self; a pussion would natchally do that,
an'—"

At that moment some of the tyranni-
cal Sim's friends carried him into the
court-room.

"Jedge," he said, feebly, "purtect me.
Hide me where Alvir Higgins can't
lay hands on me agin! Keep me out'n
her clutches, jedge. Throw me in a
lion's den or run me through a
thrushin' machine, but don't let her
tetch me!"

"How's Sim, Alvir?" asked the
judge.

"I jest defended myself," she said,
grimly, "I reckon any lady would in
my place, if a man hit 'em," and out
she sailed seeking other sources of pro-
tection against the cruelty of mankind.

IF THE CLUB.

Charlie—That was a good game of
poker we had last night.

Harry—First rate, how did you come
out?

"Two dollars ahead."

"How do you figure it out that way?
You borrowed \$20 didn't you, to begin
on?"

"Yes, but I only lost \$10 of it."—
Illustrated News

HORRORS OF SHIPWRECK

TERRIBLE TALE OF A BOAT'S CREW ON THE OCEAN.

Seven of the Sailors of the Steamer Earn-
moor Arrive in Philadelphia After an
Almost Unparalleled Siege of Suffering
in an Open Boat—The Rest of the Crew
Lost.

The seven survivors of the steamer
Earnmoor, which foundered at sea
when 300 miles off Turk's Island,
have arrived in Philadelphia, and tell
a story of terrible suffering. The Earn-
moor struck a terrible gale Sept. 4, which
increased in force, and at 11:30 a. m. the
following day the vessel gave a lurch and
foundered. As the steamer sank the port
lifeboat floated off from the ship. The
second officer, second and third engineers,
four sailors, three firemen, and the cook
clung to the boat and scrambled in.

An effort was made to save the rest of
the crew, and a drag was made of the
painter, but the boat was blown away and
the oars wrested from the hands of the
men so that no more could be saved. The
cries of the drowning men, as they were
dashed about by the mountainous waves,
could be heard by the men in the boat.
The boat drifted into the gulf stream and
the air was warm; but this increased the
intensity of their thirst.

"The horrors of hunger on the second
day became awful," said Carl Crane, one
of the survivors, "and it increased as
time wore on. We managed to pick up
sea weed, which gave us a little nutriment
and on the third day a flying-fish was
caught. This was immediately cut up into
a portion for each man and devoured.
We also captured a sea-bat and sucked
its blood, and then ate the fish after it
had died in the sun. The first man to die
was a seaman named William Robinson
and the second was the third engineer,
Thomas Hunt. One night while we were
all asleep, except a German fire-
man named Flagg, who was on
watch, he suddenly became
insane and jumped overboard.
We were too weak to save him. We were
without a compass, and steered by the sun
by day and by the stars by night. Eleven
vessels passed us. One, a British bark,
was certain saw us, and deliberately
left us to our fate. When 200 miles off
Hatteras we were picked up by a schooner.
I can not describe in words our joy at the
sign of this deliverance. We were so
weak that we had to be lifted upon the
vessel's deck, and one of our men, Ed
Johnson, a Norwegian, fell overboard and
was drowned."

DELIBERATELY SHOT DOWN.

A Notorious St. Louis Lawyer Killed in
Cold Blood.

A St. Louis dispatch says: B.
M. Chambers shot and instantly
killed Frank J. Bowman at Ferguson,
Mo. Both are well known in St. Louis.
Bowman was an attorney here for several
years, and made anything but a favorable
reputation. The killing grew out of the
trouble between the parties over the old
Times newspaper. Chambers was a large
stockholder and principal owner of the
paper up to the time of its demise. Bow-
man was also interested in it. He bought
among other things the press franchise of
the paper, and has been in litigation over
the matter with Chambers ever since.

At the time of the tragedy, Frank J.
Bowman, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff
Garrett, called at Mr. Chambers' house in
Ferguson. His purpose was to levy an at-
tachment on Chambers' life interest in his
wife's estate, or whatever other property
he might be able to find. Bowman said:
"I have come to levy on your property."
"All right," said Mr. Chambers, and he
entered the house. In a few moments he
stepped out into the yard again, and he
then had a double-barreled shot-gun in his
hands.

"Garrett, you get out of this place and
get out quick," he said to the deputy
sheriff. Garrett walked away. Then Mr.
Chambers turned to Bowman and said:

"Now, Bowman, I'll give you three min-
utes to get out of these grounds."

Bowman did not move. In an instant
Chambers raised the gun and poured the
lead into Bowman's heart. The men were
standing close together, and the full load
took effect in Bowman's chest. He fell
dead in the yard. Bowman never spoke,
and died instantly.

Mr. Chambers walked into the house and
quietly remained there awaiting arrest.
He seemed very cool and collected after
the killing, and did not appear to think he
had done anything but what he had a
right to do.

Bowman was one of the best known
men in St. Louis, although his reputation
was very unsavory. He practiced law for
many years here, but removed about three
years ago to New York. Previous to his
going he figured in a couple of very
shameful scandals. He sued his wife for
divorce and afterward compromised the
suit on her cross bill, paying her a
large sum of money. Shortly after
it was given out that he had married a
woman in the East. As soon as this
became known, a Chicago woman, who
claimed a common law marriage with
Bowman, sued him for divorce in Chicago.
He fought the case hard, but the courts
decided the Chicago woman was his wife
and gave her the divorce. This left Bow-
man very much mixed up matrimonially.
Bowman was at one time prominent at
the local bar, but he was disbarred sev-
eral years ago for crooked practices and
since then he has largely forfeited the
esteem of respectable persons.

Chambers and Bowman have been at
daggers' ends for years. Chambers was
formerly president of the Butchers' and
Drovers' bank of this city, but became a
bankrupt twelve years ago. He has since
enjoyed a big income from his wife's es-
tate. The levy was on a judgment twelve
years old.

INSPECTORS KNUCKED OUT OF THEIR JOBS.

The announcement is made at the Treas-
ury department that in view of the fact
that examination has shown that the ex-
istent controlling reasons in many cases for
the anxiety to secure the post of inspector
"foreign vessels" is the limited work
such inspectors have to perform, Mr.
Windom has decided, for the sake of
economy, and good administration, to dis-
continue the services of such inspectors at
Philadelphia, New Orleans and San
Francisco, and have their duties performed
by local inspectors.

FELL DOWN AN INCLINE.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT AT A CIN- CINNATI TRAMWAY.

A Loaded Car Hurled from Top to Bottom
of the Steep Grade—Five Instantly Killed
and a Number Badly Injured.

At Cincinnati, a car on the Mount Au-
burn inclined plane at the head of Main
street, which rises between 250 and 300
feet in a space of perhaps 2,000 feet, be-
came unmanageable, rushed down the
plane, and was dashed to pieces. Eight
persons were locked up in the car, of whom
five were killed and all of the others badly
hurt. The dead are: Judge William M.
Dickson, aged 63, Michael Kneiss, Mrs.
Caleb Ives, Mrs. Mary G. Errett, and
Joseph McFadden, Sr. The wounded are:
Mrs. Agnes Hostetter, Miss Lillian
Oskamp, fatally, Joseph McFadden, Jr.,
seriously, George Miller, fatally, and Jo-
seph Huette, aged 14, badly cut.

Several other persons who were near the
scene of the disaster were hurt by flying
fragments. Miller was standing on the cor-
ner of Mulberry and Main streets and was
struck by the roof of the car. He is still
unconscious. Huette was badly cut about
the legs by flying fragments of the car.

There are two tracks upon the inclined
plane, over which two cars are drawn—
one ascending and the other descending—
by two steel-wire cables wound around a
drum by an engine at the top of the hill.
The ascending car having reached the top
of the incline, Charles Goebel attempted
to force down the lever which shuts off the
steam and stops the engine. For some
reason the apparatus refused to work, and
the car rushed on upon the iron railing.
Goebel lent all his strength upon the lever,
but it failed to bulge. On the car rushed
madly with the tremendous power that
drew it on. The iron work pierced
deep into the wood flooring, and
still the cable tugged. Finally, with a
grating noise, the cable slipped from the
brass clamps that held them, the bolts
that secured them opened, and the car
was free. The passengers un-
conscious of the doom impending, were
about to step from the vehicle as it shot
downward on its mission of death. The
passengers, who had arisen, fell together
on the flooring of the car. Down the
plane of several hundred feet it shot, and,
plunging fiercely upon the railing at the
bottom, dashed it to pieces. The car
struck, shot far out upon Main street,
and was shivered into a thousand frag-
ments.

The iron gate that formed the lower end
of the track on which the car rested was
thrown sixty feet down the street. The
top of the car was lying almost as far
away in the gutter. The truck itself and
the floor and seats of the car formed a
shapeless wreck, mingled with the bleed-
ing and mangled bodies of the passengers.
Mrs. Ives was dead when taken from the
wreck. The others named in the list of
killed died of their injuries soon after.
The intense excitement prevailed and
numberless inquiries were made by friends
who feared members of their families
might be in the fatal car. The horror of
the passengers locked in the other car and
compelled to await the coming of the
doomed car and its inevitable crash beside
them at the foot of the track may be
imagined.

Judge Dickson, who is among the dead,
was one of the first of the wounded to die.
He was a retired lawyer, and had been a
warm personal friend of Abraham Lin-
coln. He was crushed, and his head and
face were cut. He was conscious when
taken from the wreck, but unable to talk.
Mr. Kneiss was a teacher in the third in-
termediate school, and lived at 14 Euclid
avenue, Mount Auburn, with his family.
He was on his way home to dinner. His
body was badly disfigured and was re-
moved to the morgue. Mrs. Ives was the
wife of Caleb Ives, treasurer of the Globe
soap works at 35 Water street, and lived
at Riverdale. She was on her way to vi-
sit her son, Franklin Ives, and his bride.
Her neck was broken. Joseph McFadden,
Sr., was a stone cutter of 110 Sanders
street, Mount Auburn. Miss Oskamp is
the daughter of Henry Oskamp.

Charles Goebel, who was at the lever
and had the unspeakable horror to find
himself unable to stop the engine, says
that he complained that the "cut off" was
not working properly. "I told the engi-
neer about it this morning," he said, "and
the engineer told me he had repaired it.
But it was evidently still out of order, and
this must have been what was the cause of
the accident." Engineer Howard Worden
could not be found, although this is
not to be considered as evidence that he is
hiding.

The inclined plane on which the disaster
happened is the oldest in the city. It was
built twenty-one years ago, and this is
the first accident attended with the loss of
life at any of the four inclined planes that
are in almost constant use. It is too early
for an examination into the trouble with
the engine, but there have been only two
similar cases in the history of inclined
planes here. In both the others the engine
was got under control before the cables
were broken.

James M. Doherty, secretary of the
company operating the Mount Auburn
inclined plane, says that the cause of the
accident was a little piece of iron in the
cut-off valve and was found the next
day after the mishap by the
men who had taken the machinery apart.
How it came there no one
yet knows. It was not broken off any of
the surrounding machinery as far as has
yet been ascertained. By occupying a
space required for the rod to move in it so
disarranged the machinery as to render it
impossible for the engineer to shut off the
steam.

FIFTY MINERS KILLED.

Terrible Explosion in an English Colliery.

London dispatch: An explosion has
occurred in the Musfield colliery in Staf-
fordshire. The day-shift workers had come
on duty and the mine was full of men.
Fifty are known to have been killed and
many more are in peril.

The explosion was a terrible one, the
shock being felt miles away. Many
thought an earthquake had visited that
part of the country.
Immediately after the great disaster oc-
curred the opening at the mine was be-
suged by waves and relatives of the killed
and entombed men, and there were many
heartrending scenes. It was with difficulty
that some of the frantic women with
babies in their arms were prevented from
throwing themselves down the shaft.